

# Quid Novi

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MCGILL UNIVERSITY FACULTY OF LAW  
FACULTE DE DROIT DE L'UNIVERSITE MCGILL

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le 30 septembre 1987

## OPPORTUNITIES UNLIMITED: Non-legal Careers for Law School Graduates

by Brad Condon

Not everyone enters law school with the intention of becoming a lawyer.

The beauty of a legal education is that it opens up a wide range of career opportunities rather than narrowing one's focus. I like to imagine life after law school as a corridor with many doors. A legal education provides the key with which to open many of those doors. Large numbers of graduates dash directly through the door that leads to a career as a practising lawyer. Several pass through the next door to become academics. But what lies behind those other doors? The answer to that question is to be found in the imagination of each individual.

The following is the first in series of articles that profile some non-traditional careers pursued by law school graduates.

### PART 1: Entrepreneur

(reprinted from McGill News)

#### Mort Zuckerman

"Lucky?" It's not all a function of hard work or talent. There is an element of luck. I found it, continue to have it and I'm glad for it. Most people who have accomplished something realize that for everything to work out you need an element of good fortune...or the smiles

of the gods.

So says Mort Zuckerman, BA '57, BCL '61, who was born into a Montreal wholesaler's family forty-seven years ago, earned his honours undergraduate degree in economics and political science from McGill at nineteen and made his first five million dollars by the age of thirty.

From the window of his Manhattan offices, Zuckerman can see a huge skyscraper, just one of the fifty-three buildings in fifteen cities across the United States owned by his Boston Properties company. Last year he engineered the highest price-per-capita real estate deal ever in Manhattan, for the site of the New York Coliseum - \$456 million. He's made the Forbes list as one of the 400 richest men in the U.S., with estimated personal assets of over \$200 million.

With one foot firmly in real estate, Zuckerman has planted the other squarely in the publishing world, and so far has maintained his balance. In 1980 he bought the prestigious magazine *The Atlantic Monthly*. Last year he took over *U.S. News and World Report*, recently acting as key negotiator in the extrication of his reporter Nicholas Daniloff from a Soviet prison.

Zuckerman says it was fate that led him to fortune in the U.S. rather than his

native Canada. "It was as much accidental as anything else, because I went to law school at Harvard, and decided to practice law in the States for a while. One thing led to another and my professional career went off the mark pretty quickly. It was not part of any massive plan."

Publishing may not prove as lucrative as real estate but Zuckerman has entered the field with his usual zest, raising eyebrows with changes to staff and corporate image: "He is brilliant, hard-driving, funny and some think Machiavellian, and *U.S. News* will never be the same." read one headline.

Zuckerman doesn't see himself as a crusader in the world of American publishing. "I don't think of myself in terms of how I would like to be known as much as what I am doing. In a sense I am more interested in my work than in my career...I think professionally more in terms of looking back upon my own work and hope it was intelligent, fair-minded and marked by integrity and some creativity. I'd like to feel like I have been a good person."

A last question to Mort Zuckerman, real estate and publishing baron: did he set out in life to make money? There is a moment's hesitation before he answers. "No, I gave up the practice of law, where I thought I would

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# ANNOUNCEMENTS

## STUDY THE TALMUD

What is the Talmud?

The Talmud is a massive compendium of legal discussions and debates which occurred over a period of about six centuries (going back 2000 years). It is written largely in aramaic and forms the main source of Jewish law.

The discussions range from ritual matters, agricultural law and festivals to family law, criminal law, judicial procedure, private civil law and public law. Many centuries of glosses have since been added.

Starting Wednesday, September 30.  
1:00 P.M.

Room 202

Taught by former student Greg Bordan

Classes will deal with areas of general interest, primarily civil matters (tort, contract property).

Translations of original texts will be distributed.

Everyone is welcome, no background is needed.

## New at Chancellor Day Hall Happy House Coffee Hour

Looking for some excitement? Well, look no further. The L.S.A. Social Committee, under the able direction of Norbert Haensel, plans to unleash a fall and winter line-up of activities to entertain everyone.

Beginning October 1, the weekly "Happy House Coffee Hour" will be held in the common room every Thursday afternoon from 3:30 to 6:30. Come join us for an intoxicant or

stimulant or two.

Future events will be posted on a notice board in the pit. If you have any comments or suggestions feel free to approach any of the committee members:

Social coordinator - Nobert Haensel  
1st year: Jay Spare, Ron Lauenstein  
2nd year: Susan Steffen, Catherine Rakush, Marie Normandin  
3rd year: Richard Swan, Paule Hamelin, Gail Karish

## YEARBOOK/PHOTO ANNUAL

Attempts are being made to launch a project that would provide the law faculty with its own photo annual. If you are even remotely interested please contact Bob Higgins (leave a note in his LSA mailbox). Be on the lookout for posters advertising the next meeting. Help in any form will be greatly appreciated

## MCGILL BLOOD DRIVE

Be reminded that the annual McGill Blood Drive is taking place Monday, September 28 through to Friday, October 2 in the Ballroom of the Student Union Building. Give a gift of life and bring a friend!

## TO ALL STUDENTS:

Are you tired of people who continuously smoke where they are not supposed to? Do you want to do something about these meanies? If so, join A.S.S. (Anti-Smoking Squad) - If interested speak to Kenneth Aboud, (Interim chief A.S.S.) or leave a note in the L.S.A. office

## Speaker's Corner

Legal Aid will have its first speaker for staffers and interested students October 1.

Dean of Students Gopnick will speak on the new university regulations regarding student rights.

This is of particular interest for students who may wish to participate in the student representation program this year or in the future.

## McGill Law and Policy Workshop

Unless otherwise noted, all workshops will be held at 12 noon in Room 202 at

3644 Peel Street.

Sept. 30:

Mr. Justice Ian Barker, New Zealand Court of Appeal.  
Hosted by Bill Foster.

Oct 2.:

Peter Benson:  
"The Natural Law of Contract"

Oct 16:

Rande Kostal:  
"Capitalism in the Lawyer's World: English Railways and Parliamentary Legal Culture, 1830-70."



# Murder-by-Law

## VI.

Tracy was sitting in her Corporate Law course trying to look alert and attentive while dozing fitfully with her eyes wide open. She was rather good at it, but then she'd had a lot of practice. It was a daring thing to do, however, in this particular class. The professor, Brick Whaul, was a hardened, cynical man who liked nothing better than to humiliate his students. The more he humiliated them, the more they reviled him. The more he was reviled, the more bitter he became. He wanted desperately to be popular, but tragically lacked the personality. Tracy liked to think of him as a frustrated artist who crept home every night when the shadows hung thick about the law buildings, to dash out brilliant canvasses of flamingo pinks and melon greens in a cluttered studio apartment with a giant skylight and a breathtaking view of the city. The truth, when she discovered it, was that he lived with his dour wife in a carbon-copied condo with sterile grey carpets.

Tracy was disturbed from her reverie by the appearance of a note on top of her open binder. She unfolded it carefully, knowing that any attention attracted to herself might make her the next victim of one of Whaul's grueling quizzes on the intricacies of last night's readings. She was going to have to buy that casebook.

The note made her raise an eyebrow in surprise. It was from Jack who sat hunched three rows ahead. Usually reasonably articulate, the newspaper editor had been economical with details.

"Death threats. Must talk. After class." read the note. Tracy was intrigued. She stuffed the note in her binder, and mused about who might have threatened Jack. The worst anyone could say about his articles were that they were boring.

When class ended, Tracy met Jack in the hall. Looking furtively over his shoulder, Jack led her by the elbow to the elevator. He pressed the button for the library, but when the elevator started up he pushed the button to stop it between floors.

"Jack!" squealed Tracy. "What do you think you're doing?"

"We can't be overheard." he said tersely.

"I don't want to be in here. I'm claustrophobic. Why can't we go to your office."

"I think it might be bugged."

"Don't be an idiot."

"I'm not being an idiot. Look." He pulled a crumpled note from his pocket. It was a typed message which stated: "If you really want to know about McHeath, you'll have to join him. If you don't quit prying, it will be arranged."

"It's not signed" observed Tracy.

"These kinds of things usually aren't" said Jack with scorn.

"Well who wrote it?"

"The murderer, of course."

I wish you wouldn't talk about murderers. Maybe it's just the Dean trying to get you to stop writing those articles."

"The Dean doesn't want anymore deaths in the faculty."

"It could just be a bad choice of words."

"Tracy, this is a death threat," cried Jack in exasperation. "The murderer's at large. You've got to help me."

"Why me?"

"Because you're my friend."

"A nice guy like you must have lots of friends."

"Tracy..."

"All right, all right," grumbled Tracy. "So what do you want me to do?"

"You've got to help me find the murderer."

"I don't think there is a murderer."

"All right then you have to help me find out who wrote this note."

"Well let me see it again." She grabbed the note from him bad-temperedly. "Look. It's on faculty stationery."

Jack grabbed the note back in excitement. "My God, you're right." He thought about this for a moment, then added: "But maybe the author stole this stationery to make me think it was a professor, and not someone else."

"Yeah, but look how wordy it is. Only a prof would take so long to say shut up or die."

"True..." wavered Jack. "But it could still be a clever student."

"Or one who's been here too long. Look, maybe you should just quit writing your articles."

"But I can't now, Tracy. I'm on the right track. And guess what."

"I can't wait," said Tracy sarcastically. "Do tell."

"I went to see Tony Armado yesterday at the Law Journal. He has all of McHeath's last manuscripts, includ-

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## Murder-by-Law Cont'd from p.3

ing the one found on his desk when he died. It's to put together a commemorative issue."

"So?"

"So I asked to see them, you know, for clues. But he wouldn't let me. He just sneered and said they were 'unavailable'."

Tracy knew of the long standing rivalry between these two students. The newspaper editor and the journal editor vied for literary prestige, within the faculty. The journal came out consistently in front. It was terminally dull but then you had to be to get any respect in law. With all the excitement over Jack's series on McHeath, it was not unlikely that the arrogant journal editor was getting a little miffed. Tracy reminded Jack of these facts.

"Besides," she added, "Armado probably thought you wanted a 'scoop' of those articles."

"I told him what I wanted. I bet that was my mistake. And Armado has access to faculty letterhead. Maybe he killed McHeath."

"But why? Journal editors love any old fossil who cranks out interminable legal diatribes."

"I don't know. Maybe McHeath had started to send his manuscripts to another journal."

"Hardly a reason to kill."

"You're being so narrow-minded Tracy."

"I'm being sensible. Now will you let me out of this elevator before I have a fit and start clawing my way through the walls?"

"First you have to promise to help me?"

"All right. I promise. Now let me out."

Jack released the Stop button and the elevator jerked into motion. To the surprise of the pair it halted again at the very next floor. Jack and Tracy started guiltily as the door slid open. Standing in the doorway was Bruce, the tall blond from legal aid. He smiled at Tracy but the twist of lips looked sinister to her as she pushed her way past him to the landing. He stepped into the elevator and stared at her as the door slid shut. Tracy found that her hands were trembling. She tried to pull herself together, cursing Jack for all his talk of murder.

## VI.

It was early yet, so there was only a sparse crowd at the law party. When the libraries closed, more students would come drifting in looking pale and bemused by the change from the cool flicker of fluorescent lights off rows of musty tomes to the soft glow of party lights, the clink of glasses, and laughter over the steady music beat.

Tracy sat with Lily at a dim corner table. They were relaxing over drinks and chatting cattily about the other partiers.

"Look, there's Frank Butler. It looks like he just shaved five minutes ago. I wonder who he's trying to pick up tonight."

"Does it matter?"

"Well I was just curious."

"I mean to him."

The first couples made their way out onto the dance floor. More people seemed to be arriving. With a cold flash of annoyance Tracy noticed that the tall blond from legal aid had just entered the room. He bought himself a beer and leaned up against a wall to watch the dancers. Lily followed her companion's gaze.

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## Women in the Law - Proprietary Rights & Strippers

by Mark Segal

(This treatise is sincerely intended to neither offend or commend, but rather to amuse and bemuse.)

Recently a few of the boys took out the latest of our band who was falling at the altar that week. Naturally this stag-like night required a visit to a stripjoint to tantalize our future groom. Although the law students amongst us felt uncomfortable with this sexist form of entertainment, its value as a last rite before marriage was not be undermined. Our bonds of friendship also dictated that we attend. After heated debate it was decided to consult some female colleagues for their professional opinion. They assured us that it was fine to go along since they pursued this hedonistic activity themselves with frequent visits to Club 281. Still reluctant, we begrudgingly attended the soiree at the Wanda-Bar.

After a few dancers had performed on stage, we had the compulsory private table dance performed for our groom at our table for \$5 (Don't worry your taxing minds, I reminded the dancer that she must declare this as income under S.5(1) of the Income Tax Act). Within minutes a serious legal issue emerged. When one pays for a private table dancer, does the payer and his group acquire proprietary rights in the dance enabling them to exclude pa-

trons of other nearby tables from enjoying their dancer? When does such a right accrue? When does it expire? Is it alienable or subject to seizure? Is an injunction and/or damages available? This legal reflection was triggered as a result of some nearby scum drooling, gawking, and hooting at our table dancer. It was unanimously agreed that their lewd remarks (unprintable in this respectable legal publication) inhibited her, diminishing her performance such that the groom was not teased and aroused to the level for which we had contracted. Needless to say (but essential to print), the law students amongst us were so engaged in the legal discourse, we paid no attention to the perspiring, sun-lamped golden brown, naked flesh. After much further legal inquiry, and the hiring of several more table dancers to repeatedly study this event from a legal perspective, it was concluded that legal minds far more expert than our own were required. Since they could only fully address the issue with a first hand experience of table dances, we invited the male law professors to the Wanda-Bar in order for them to advise us on women in the law. Unfortunately, all of them confessed that they too had been challenged by the issue and though holding weekly mid-night conferences at Chez Paris for the past 3 years, they have yet to resolve the matter. Undaunted, however, their study goes on.

with a huge and silly grin stretching his face out of shape.

"Tracy!" he cried in greeting. "Lily!" he added as an afterthought. He pulled up a chair and sat down. "Mind if I join you?"

"Sure," said Tracy. "You can keep Lily company while I go and get another drink." She rose quickly, refusing his offer to fetch it for her. Lily, with the look of a martyr began chatting to Maurice, knowing her friend would be taking the long route.

On the way to the bar, Tracy joined a circle of her classmates. Both Frank and Doris were among them but Tracy had been attracted by the subject matter of the conversation. They were discussing Jack's articles. As Tracy joined the circle, Frank flashed a sultry look in her direction. Tracy ignored him. Trying to charm women was a reflex reaction for him—like looking in a mirror. The idea that he should share himself with the whole of the female species was Frank's one unselfish belief.

"The articles are all right, you know," Dinah West was saying. "But Jack keeps referring to the murderer as 'he'. Women can kill too, you know. It's sexist."

"I don't think it really matters, Dinah," contributed Tracy. "It's all hypothetical anyway."

"That's you're problem, Tracy. You seem to think you can have equality in the real world without equality in hypotheticals. It just doesn't work."

"Well I think the murderer must have been a man," Doris stated firmly. "Most murderers are."

"That's only because women aren't given equal opportunities."

"I don't know what all the fuss is about, anyway," said Frank, eyeing

### Murder-by-Law Cont'd from p.4

"Oooh, he's cute," she remarked. "Who is he?"

"Just some guy," muttered Tracy. "Don't let him see you're looking at him. I don't want him to know I'm here."

"Oh do tell!" squealed Lily, sensing scandal.

"It's nothing like that. Forget it. Oh God." Tracy suddenly felt the evening go from bad to worse.

"What? Oh, it's Maurice."

"Don't let him see me. Oh Jesus. Too late."

Maurice was hurrying across the room

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## Murder-by-Law Cont'd from p.5

himself in the darkened glass pane of a window. "Man or woman, the murderer did us all a favor."

"If there was a murderer."

"Oh Tracy, don't be a stick in the mud," snapped Doris. "Have you ever seen a professor die?"

"No," replied Tracy cautiously.

"Well then. They don't normally, you know. They get tenured. It's like immortality. So it must have been murder."

"Right."

"Anyway," sneered Frank. "You should tell your friend Jack to shut up about this stupid murder. We're all bored of it and it worked out for the best. Tell him to go back to 'know thy faculty' or whatever it was."

Tracy didn't like Butler's tone. She moved away from the group towards the bar. On her way she bumped into Jack.

"Tracy!" he exclaimed. "Boy am I glad to see you."

"What's up?"

"Nothing. It's just nice to see a friendly face. People are starting to get real hostile about my articles."

"Well, maybe you should give it a rest."

"I can't do that. It's my duty. But I really appreciate your support. And Lily's." He sighed dreamily. "She's here tonight, I guess."

"Yes."

"Just uh, wondering."

"Of course."

"I have to ask you a favour, Tracy."

Here goes, she thought. How do you tell someone that they've lost out to a stuffed puppy.

"It's about my investigation."

Tracy groaned inwardly.

"I want you to keep the originals of all my documents. Please. It's very important." He thrust a thick envelope into her hands.

"Jack," cried Tracy in exasperation. "What am I supposed to do with these?"

"Carry them with you at all times."

"But if I wanted to carry things around I'd carry my school books."

"Please, Tracy. I'm afraid someone may try to steal them."

"Oh great," observed Tracy sarcastically. "Will they kill me, too?"

"Gosh I hope not," said Jack with sincerity.

At that moment Lily, having escaped from Maurice, appeared at Tracy's side.

"Hi, Jack," she murmured, merely acknowledging his existence. He had gone chartruese at her arrival, although the lighting helped to mute the rather startling effect. Tracy had noticed however, and felt a twinge of sympathy.

"Tracy, you can't guess who just arrived."

"Oh God."

"You guessed," giggled Lily. "He's over there with Professor Bellesnotes. Please, please, come with me to join them."

"Give me a break, Lily. Who wants to  
Cont'd on p.7

## Hijinks in Hayward

### JUDGES' VENDETTA BOILS OVER

(Reprinted from San Francisco Chronicle, May 5, 1987)

A long-running feud between two Hayward judges may wind up in court now that one of the jurists has filed an assault complaint against his rival.

Judge Dallas Edgar, a Municipal Court judge for 18 years, filed his complaint with the Alameda County Sheriff's Department after he and Judge Robert Fairwell, who has served on the bench for 20 years, had an angry clash at the Hayward Municipal Court last week.

The two drew attention last year when Fairwell turned down a local "Judge of the Year" award, charging publicly that Judge Edgar was "a dodo" and that the award was tainted because Edgar had won it previously.

In the latest run-in, the judges apparently exchanged harsh words in a courthouse hallway shortly before noon on April 27. Edgar, apparently fearing that Fairwell was going to attack him, dashed into the crowded courtroom of Judge Sandra Margulies.

According to Sheriff Charley Plummer, two lieutenants in his office have interviewed several witnesses to the courtroom segment of the dispute. They will turn their findings over to Alameda County District Attorney Jack Meehan, who will decide whether to prosecute, dismiss the charge or refer the investigation to the state attorney general's office because of the potential conflict of interest in the case.

"The accusation is unusual," said Plummer. "It's best that it be handled at the top level."

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## Judges' Vendetta Cont'd from p.4

Although no blows were thrown, by law the alleged dispute could legally be defined as an assault if a party felt threatened by a potential attack and the assailant had the ability to carry through with an attack.

The feud between the judges apparently dates to an election in the early 1970's, when Edgar publicly backed a judge whom Fairwell wanted ousted from the bench. Sources said that occasional spats between the two have erupted ever since.

Courthouse and law enforcement officials were concerned about the latest argument, saying privately that the judges' conduct tarnishes their own images and reflects poorly on jurists in Hayward and Alameda County.

"I can't believe their behaviour," said one courthouse official. "I could never understand these two guys, why they're continuously disagreeing about things and carrying on."

Others feel that Edgar and Fairwell, aside from their bickering, are respected, level-headed judges who pose no problem on the bench. In a recent survey by the Alameda County Bar Association, both were highly rated, said executive director Hal Norton.

"I've never seen any of the behaviour that's been talked about in the papers," said Sheriff's Lieutenant Galen Temple.

talk with profs at a party."

"You owe me one," said Lily bluntly. "Shall I call Maurice over to remind you?"

Tracy sighed, feeling remarkably put upon by her friends. Clutching the large envelope which Jack had given her, she began making her way towards two professors. Jack seemed to be coming too. From behind, Tracy heard snatches of his attempts at conversation with the star-struck Lily.

"Are you still having trouble in Lejeune's course?" he asked earnestly. "Is that why you want to talk to him?"

"Um. Yes." confessed Lily untruthfully.

"Because I could help you, you know, if Lejeune's too busy."

"Gee, thanks."

"How about Friday, then."

"I meant thanks for the offer, Jack. It was sweet. Ooooooh Professor Lejeune! How nice that you could make it to the party!"

The three students joined Lejeune and Bellesnotes at their table. Lily sat next to Lejeune and immediately set about to hypnotize him with her huge dark eyes and her lively conversation. Jack and Tracy, feeling somewhat foolish were left to chat with the coolly attractive Bellesnotes. In his early thirties, Bellesnotes dressed well but casually, which suited his laid back manner with his students. He was a popular professor, witty and relaxed.

"So," he greeted Jack and Tracy. "The detectives. And are you on duty tonight?"

"Duty never rests, sir," replied Jack seriously. Tracy protested that she was not even a detective, let alone on duty.

"Ah but my dear, why else would you bring such a thick envelope to a party

if you were not, as it were, on duty?"

Tracy looked uncomfortable and stuffed the awkward package behind her on the seat. "It's just papers," she mumbled unconvincingly. She felt like asking him some sharp questions about Professor Hyde, but she decided against it. She didn't want to look like a detective. Nevertheless, she allowed her mind to wander as the three of them chatted. He had a nice body and he and Hyde were both about the same age. But Bellesnotes was such an easy going kind of guy, and Tanya Hyde was a wolverine.

"What do you think, my dear?" inquired Bellesnotes.

"Um, absolutely," she replied flustered. She hadn't been following the conversation. Jack looked annoyed as if his pet poodle had just widdled on his host's rug.

Bellesnotes smiled indulgently. "Ah, Tracy. You have such a talent for falling asleep with your eyes open. I have admired it many times in my own class."

"That's not true, sir. Really. You're class is very interesting. It's...very interesting. You know."

"Yes, never mind. I do not take offence. It's just a basic course, there's not much scope."

"Ah," said Jack in a tone which Tracy recognized as journalistic interest. "So you'd rather teach a more advanced course." It was Tracy's turn to be embarrassed. Jack really was playing detective.

"But of course, dear boy. Everyone wishes to teach higher level classes. The numbers are smaller, the students more interested, and the subject more stimulating. But my time will come."

Fearing Jack's next question, Tracy

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## Murder-by-Law Cont'd from p.7

intervened with a remark about the composition of the Supreme Court. It was Jack's turn to look annoyed. At that moment, Professor Lejeune rose from his chair.

"I'm going to the bar. Anyone like a drink? Philippe?"

"No thanks, Henri. I'm going to be leaving soon."

Jack and Tracy also refused. As Lejeune walked away, Lily leaned over to Tracy.

"I'm in heaven," she whispered.

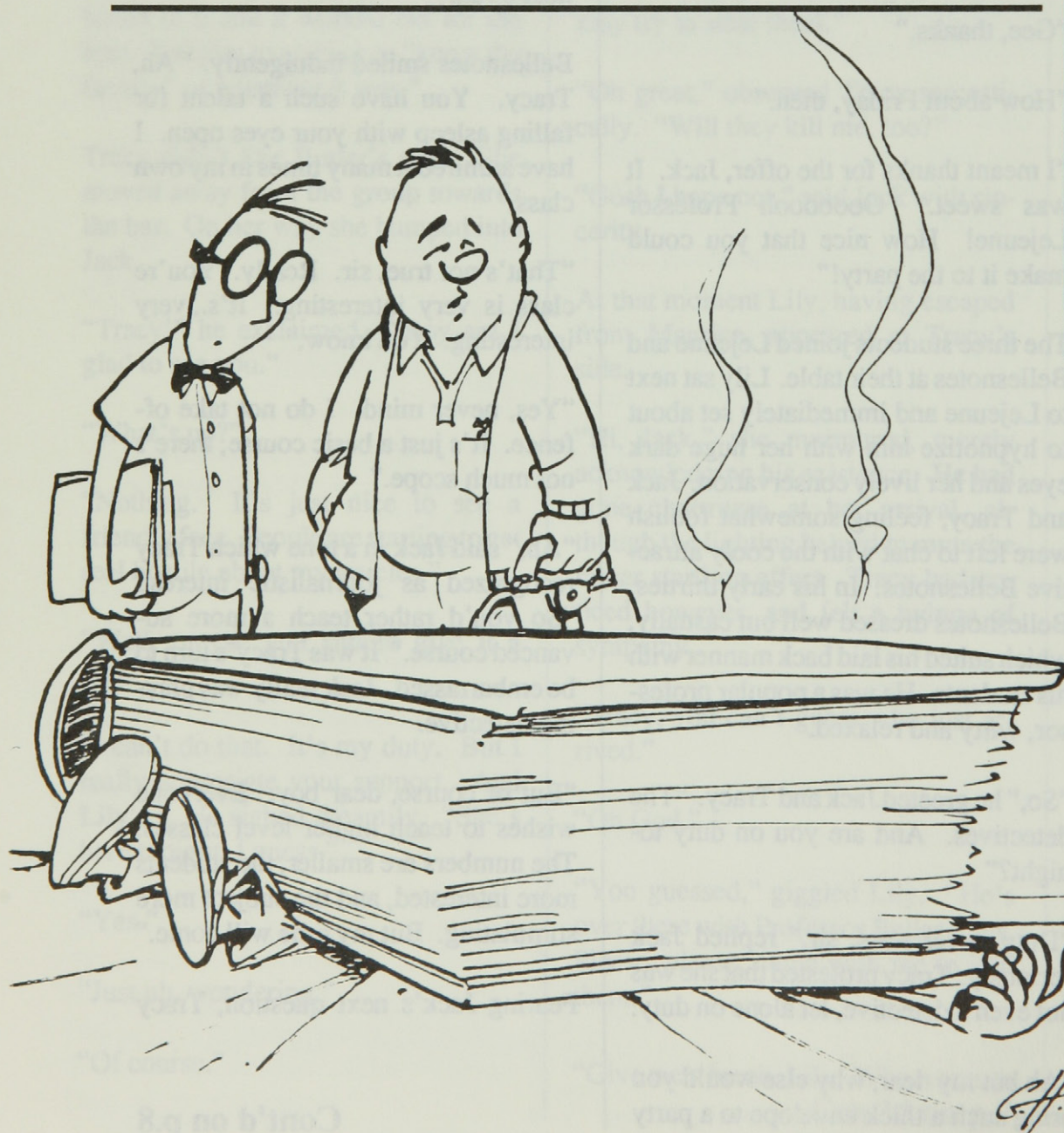
"I'm not even close. When Belle-snotes leaves, I think I will too."

"Ooooooh!" exclaimed Lily.

"Not with him," hissed Tracy. "I meant leave in general. I've got to get out of here before Maurice sees me again anyway."

"Well you won't have had much fun," said Lily sympathetically. "You know you should go and ask that blond haired guy to dance. He's really cute and he's been staring at you all evening."

With a cold feeling, Tracy followed Lily's glance. The tall blond was indeed staring in her direction. He wasn't talking to anyone, and didn't seem to have moved from his original position all night. He reminded Tracy of some sinister predatory spider, crouched against the wall. Watching. And waiting.



## Dear Abby Initio

Dear Abby Initio

So, how many beers does it take to get a first-year law student.

Signed,

Hot Rod

Dear H.R.,

In this case, one is too many and fifty cases are not enough.

## Opportunities Unlimited Cont'd from p.1

make a lot of money, for the practice of real estate where I had no idea whether I would make money. So my notion in professional terms has always been to do the things you really like to do and let the economics take care of themselves. So far, so good."

Next Week:

You can take the boy out of the courtroom, but you can't take the courtroom out of the boy.

## CAPTION CONTEST:

First Prize: A years' FREE subscription to *Quid Novi*!

The lucky person need only submit the winning caption to the accompanying comic.

All entries to be submitted to the *Quid* office by Tuesday, October 6, 1987. Winner to be announced the following week.

G.H.